

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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WHY NOT WIN OUR BIG CASH PRIZES?

(See Page 311.)



THE TRANSVAAL LOAN: THE RUSH OF STOCKBROKERS AND THEIR CLERKS ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND LAST WEEK.

(See "Talk of London.")

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GIVEN AWAY
With this Week's

HOME
NOTES
(No. 488).

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(14-16).

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CURZON BROS. (DEPT. 124),
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(Late Aldersgate Street.)

Somaliland.—There has been no further fighting in Somaliland during the week, General Manning having remained at his base. It is stated that negotiations are proceeding between the British and Italian Governments to ensure that Italy shall maintain order within her sphere of influence by sending garrisons into the interior, or, in the alternative, that she shall cede part of her territory to England.

Russia and Manchuria.—Diplomatic and political circles throughout Europe have been much exercised during the week by the authenticated report that the Russians had re-occupied certain parts of Manchuria in defiance of the terms of the recent International Convention. On the other hand, a Reuter's message states that the occupation of the forts at the mouth of the Liao River was only temporary, and that the Russians have again withdrawn. Britain, Japan, and the United States are especially concerned in the maintenance of peace and the furtherance of unrestricted trade in the Far East, and the American Minister has recommended joint action on the part of these Powers to restrain Russian aggression. The danger to the impending treaty between the United States and China which Russia's recent action entails gives the American Government a direct interest in present events, and it is thought that England also will find her interests identical with those of the American people.

Motoring Accident.—On Saturday last a somewhat serious motor-car accident befel Lord Alan Percy, who, with the Hon. Ponsonby Myers, Major Russell, and a chauffeur, was running down from London to Aldershot. At the foot of a hill near Pirbright a carrier's cart came suddenly out of a side street, and in order to avoid a collision the driver of the car applied the brake, but owing to the collapse of one of the wheels the car swerved and dashed into the window of a draper's shop. The occupants were thrown out, and it was subsequently found that Lord Alan Percy had sustained injuries of so serious a nature that his removal to London was necessitated. The other gentlemen—officers in the Guards—were able to proceed on their way. Latest information states that Lord Percy is recovering from the mishap.

To Correspondents.

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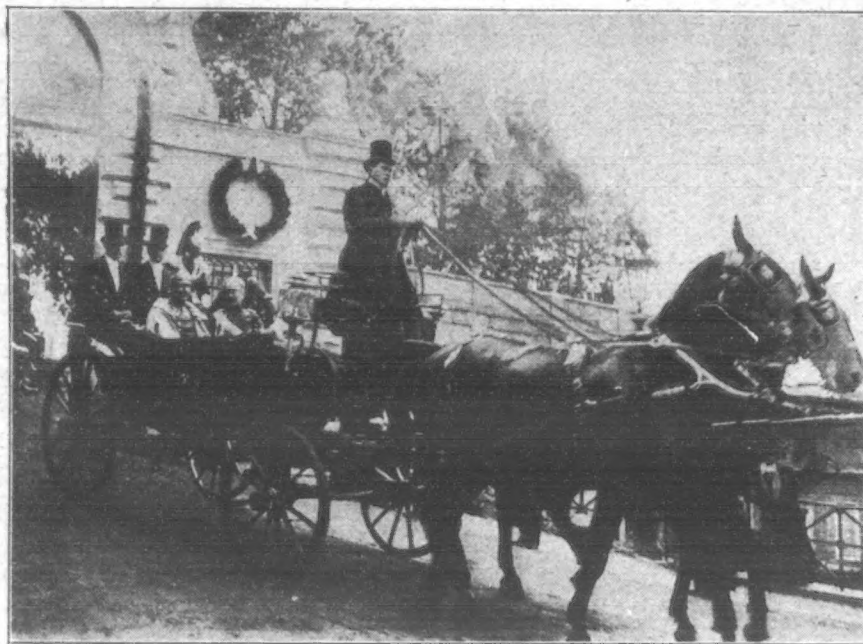
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The Big Loan.

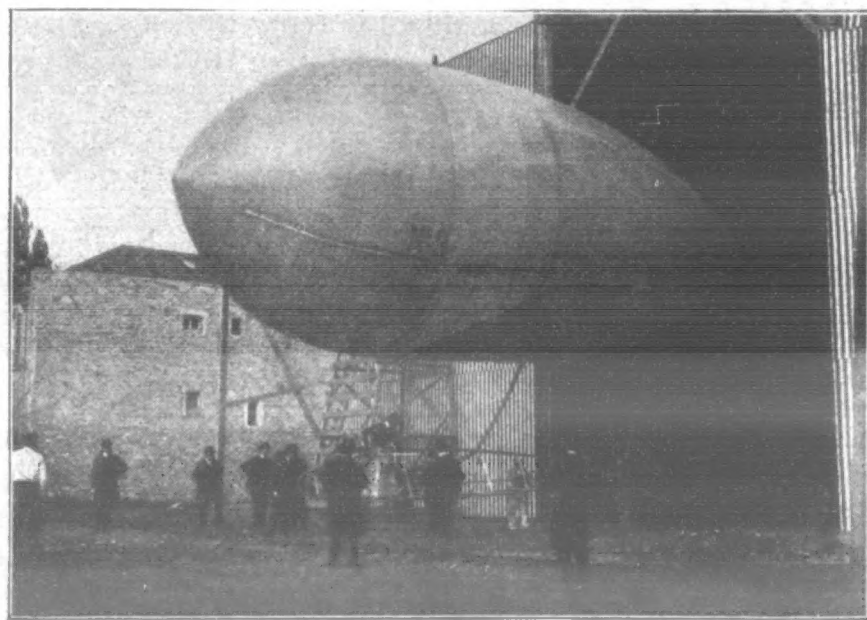
MR. JOHN BULL is a very remarkable old gentleman. I say this in case you should have any doubt upon the subject. Mr. Bull has been very freely criticised of late. He is going downhill at a headlong pace: his international prestige is decreasing; his commercial position is declining; his energy is being sapped; and, in short, very bad things of all sorts are happening to deprive him of that pride of place which once was his. So say Mr. Bull's critics. And, lo! in the midst of all these derogatory statements, along comes a request from Mr. Chamberlain, on John's behalf, for a little loan of £30,000,000 for the purpose of setting our new Transvaal Colony on

credit Great Britain has issued from it in a manner whose triumph is unmistakable. People—cool, calculating, brainy City men, to whom profit is as the breath of their nostrils—do not "fall



THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ROME: DRIVING TO THE GREAT REVIEW.

gets his way, some of the Parisian tailors will be shutting up shop. For the Minister, apparently hard driven to make up a depleted revenue, proposes to levy income-tax according to the way a man is dressed. He intends to pay no heed to what a man says his income is, or in the ordinary way it is computed to be. He examines his social position, and investigates his outward



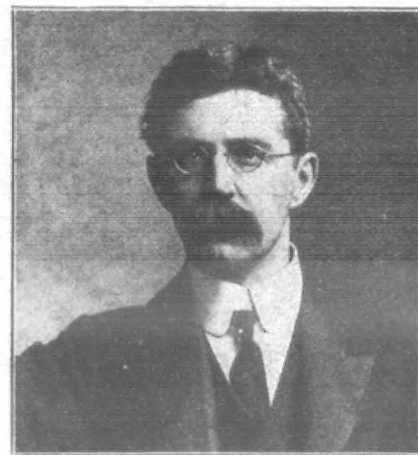
SANTOS DUMONT'S NEW BALLOON, "No. 9," PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE THE ASCENT LAST WEEK.

its financial feet. What happens? Do the good, estimable people with pockets full of gold keep their hands over the latter, and, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, decline to advance a penny? That surely is what most of them would do if they were approached by a needy firm whose credit was bad. But they have not done that in this case. Quite the contrary. Directly the prospectus was out everybody who had money rushed in eagerly to lend Mr. Bull as much as ever they could. If it was a test of national

over each other" in their eagerness to lend money to a discredited borrower. But in this case their eagerness was so intense that the amount was subscribed many times over. On the front page, the P.I.P. Artist has depicted the rush of stockbrokers and their clerks at the Bank of England last week for the privilege of lending John Bull money.

Taxed According to Clothes.

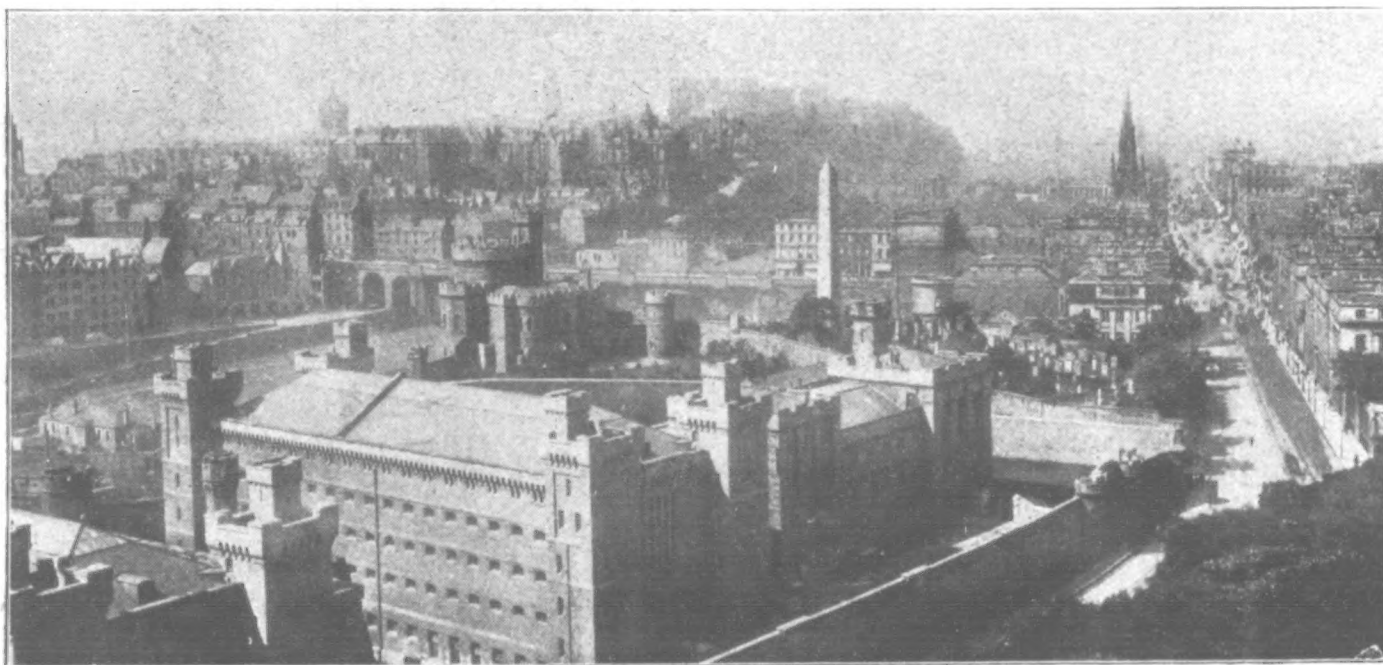
If M. Rouvier, the French Minister of Finance,



DR. CHALMERS MITCHELL,
THE NEW SECRETARY TO THE "ZOO."

signs of prosperity. The taxpayer will not be asked what he earns, nor the authorities seek to pry into his financial resources. It will be enough that he looks as if he was worth so much, that he dresses in such-and-such a style, that he drives such-and-such a motor, that he keeps this or that society.

This is quite revolutionary. Apply the same principle to England of taxing a man by the cut of his coat, and we should have some quaint developments. Many a mercantile clerk would necessarily pay a large part of his two pounds nothing per week away in taxes, while many noble lords and millionaires would escape almost



THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: GENERAL VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO SCOTLAND.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

scot-free solely through their fondness for rusty old coats and mildewed "toppers." I knew at least one man whose extremely ancient attire would have won him exemption from income-tax altogether under the proposed new system, and yet his annual income nearly ran into six figures. The institution of such a method of taxation as is suggested would, of course, prompt various defensive devices on the part of the taxpayer. Special suits of a cheap and threadbare kind would be kept by and would be forthcoming for the tax-collector's inspection. I can foresee close imitation of the procedure of the modern



Photo. Reutlinger.

GUERRERO,

WHO HAS MADE SUCH A SUCCESS IN "CARMEN,"
THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

breach-of-promise defendant, who, I am credibly informed, strives with might and main to mitigate the damages that may be awarded against him by going into Court in the very oldest and meanest attire he can beg, borrow, or—buy.

Cricket in the Pulpit.

Preachers, like other people, move with the times. The Rev. Wilson Carlile is nothing if not topical. Here is what he had to say at his church of St. Mary-at-Hill last Sunday night about Surrey's new bowler, Mr. Jackson. The reverend gentleman asked for special prayers for all cricketers, including Mr. Jackson, and Cabinet

knock down wickets in the cricket-field, while the devil was always trying to bowl us out in daily life. The Marylebone Cricket Club had recently decided that the wickets should not be widened, and all men and women should be on their guard to see that theirs were not extended so that Satan could 'knock them down more easily. "Look out for 'underhand lobs,' which break near the wickets and knock them down;

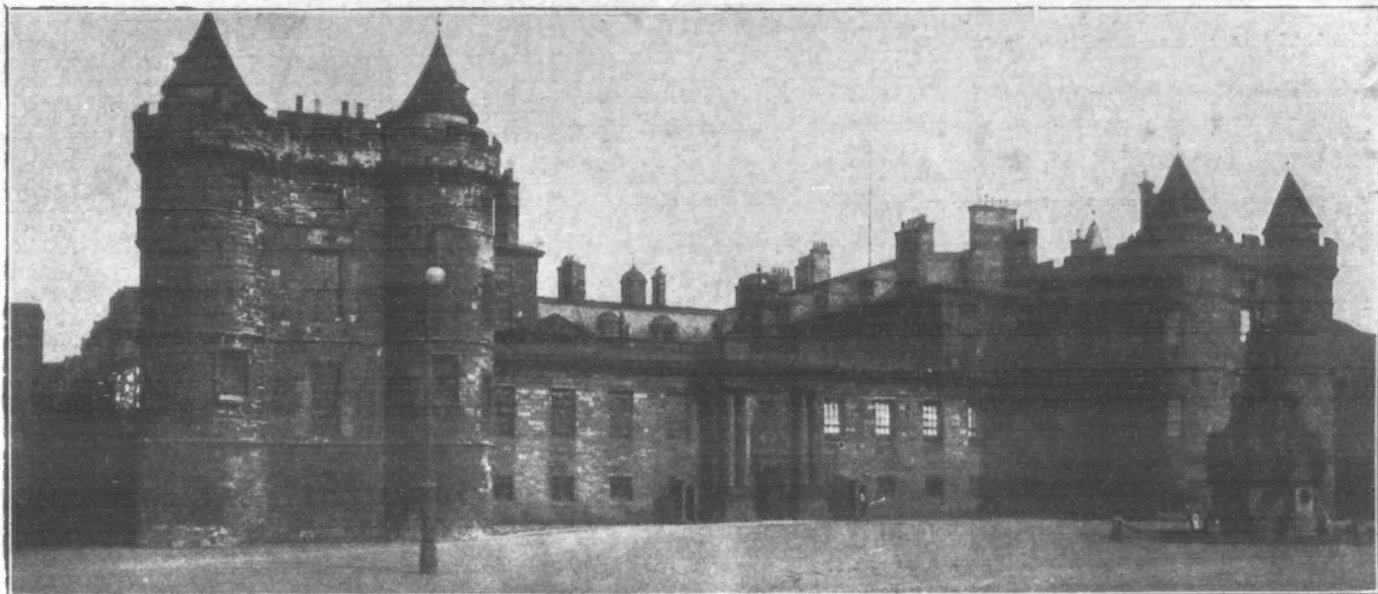
matches this season, Mr. Carlile's cricket sermon was a big "draw."

South London's Trams.

The new electric trams in South London, which the Prince of Wales inaugurated yesterday, have come in for a good deal of discussion. The action of the London County Council in adopting the conduit system instead

condemnation of the costly conduit system were equally emphatic in protesting against the overhead system on the grounds of its ugliness. On the latter point their action was certainly justified. Nothing, to my mind, is more disfiguring either to town or country than the row of continuous posts of wood and ironwork used in connection with the overhead system of traction.

THE GOSSIP.



THE KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND: HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH, HIS MAJESTY'S
"OFFICIAL" RESIDENCE IN SCOTLAND.

IS HERE THAT THE KING HAS BEEN HOLDING HIS RECEPTIONS, THOUGH FOR CONVENIENCE HE HAS BEEN STAYING AT DALKEITH, THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH'S HOUSE.

Ministers. Incidentally he said that there was a gentleman whom he would not name who had broken the law of the land twice by going twenty-five miles an hour in his motor-car. He needed prayers. In his sermon, the rev. gentleman said that the devil was a new bowler like Mr. Jackson, only the Sturkey man aimed to

also watch for 'yorkers,' which drop just at the batting-crease, which is the batsman's weak spot. Stand up against the new bowler. Don't be bowled out by the devil with a 'yorker.' Call on the Captain of your team when you are in trouble, and he will help you to keep a straight bat against all evil." Like many cricket

of the overhead, has, on account of its costliness, drawn down upon the Council's head a volley of abuse from some sections of the Press. Into the merits of the rival systems I shall not go. I should only like to point out that an examination of files would reveal the fact that those papers which are loudest in their

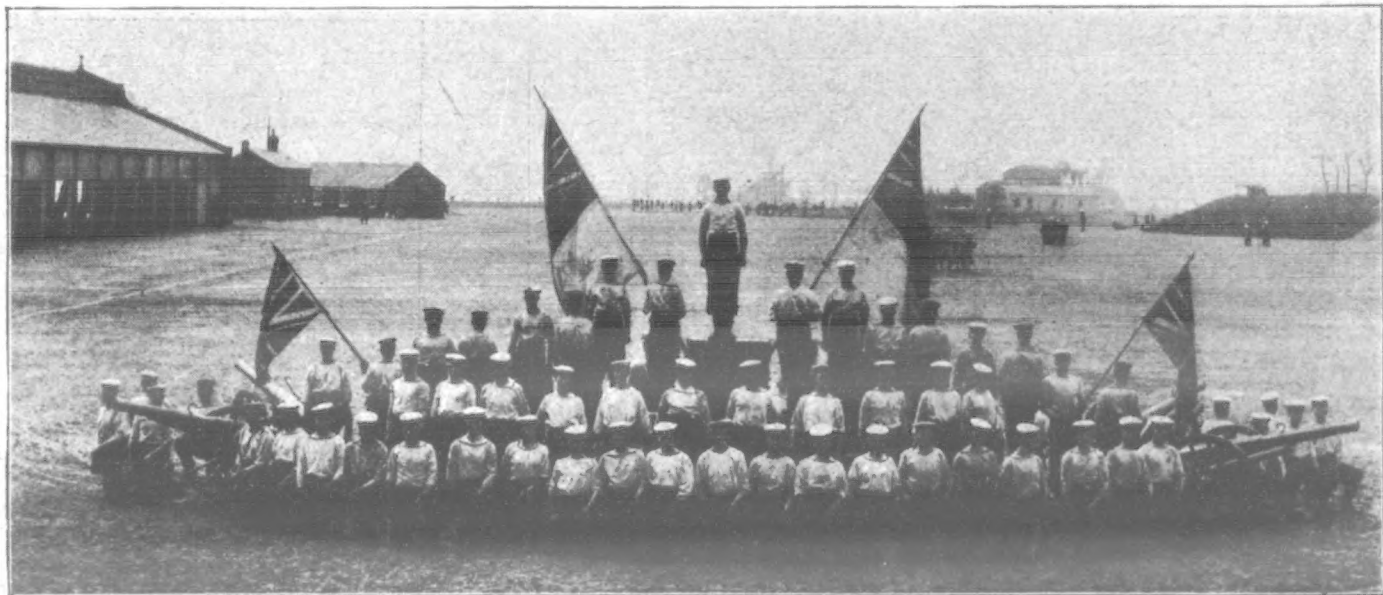


Photo. Russell.

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: MEN OF H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" REHEARSING
THEIR TABLEAUX AT SOUTHSEA.

THE TOURNAMENT OPENED AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, YESTERDAY (FRIDAY).



Photo. Hughes and Mullins.

THE NATIONAL FIRE ENGINE UNION (SOUTHERN DIVISION) MEETING AT RYDE.

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO PARIS: SKETCHES BY DUDLEY HARDY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING at Home.—Since his return from the Continent, King Edward has been busily employed. On the night of his arrival from Paris His Majesty visited the Opera, and on Friday the King and Queen held the third Court of the season at Buckingham Palace. There was an unusually large attendance on the part of the Diplomatic and general circles, and a notable feature was the number of debutantes who were presented. Among these was Lady Mary Hamilton, one of the great heiresses of the season, who wore a simple dress of white esprit net over satin and a white satin train trimmed with white Banksia roses. Miss Cecilia Northcote and the daughter of Viscountess Coke were also conspicuous among the many charming girls; and Lady Margaret Shelley, Mrs. Edward Sassoon, Lady Henrietta Turner, Mrs. Harry Lawson, and Mrs. Wood, of Shengrave, all presented daughters. The King and Queen, surrounded by members of the Royal Family, took up their places in the Throne Room at 10.30 p.m., the King wearing the uniform of the Irish Guards, while Her Majesty looked particularly gracious and queenly in a gown of white satin draped with silver-spangled chiffon and studded with real diamonds. The Queen also wore a diamond crown and tiara, and a necklace of the same stones, the front of her dress being a glittering mass of jewels and orders barred by the broad blue ribbon of the Garter. The Court was enlivened by the strains of His Majesty's private band under Sir Walter Parratt, and is regarded as one of the most brilliant and successful ever held in Buckingham Palace. On Friday and Saturday the King visited Kempton Park races.

Royal Visit to Scotland.—On Monday the King and Queen left London for Edinburgh, travelling from King's Cross Station over the Great Northern and East Coast route. Among those in attendance were Major-General Oliphant, Lord Knollys, the Hon. Sidney Greville, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Clarendon, and Colonel Legge. On their arrival in the Scottish capital Their Majesties, who had a most enthusiastic reception, drove to Dalkeith Palace, the historic residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. On Tuesday the King, attired in Highland costume, held a grand Levée in Holyrood Palace, at which most of the great Scottish nobles and chieftains attended. Afterwards a general Court was held, the presentations being very numerous. Visits to the Cathedral, the Castle, and the new Hospital at Colinton Manse, which His Majesty formally opened, occupied the following day, and a semi-State visit to Glasgow terminated the programme for the Royal visit.

Royal Betrothal.—It is officially announced that Princess Alice of Battenberg, who was the favourite



Photo, Colcott.

THE THAMES DITTON TRAGEDY.

THE HOUSE WITH THE CHILDREN OUTSIDE IS WHERE IT OCCURRED.

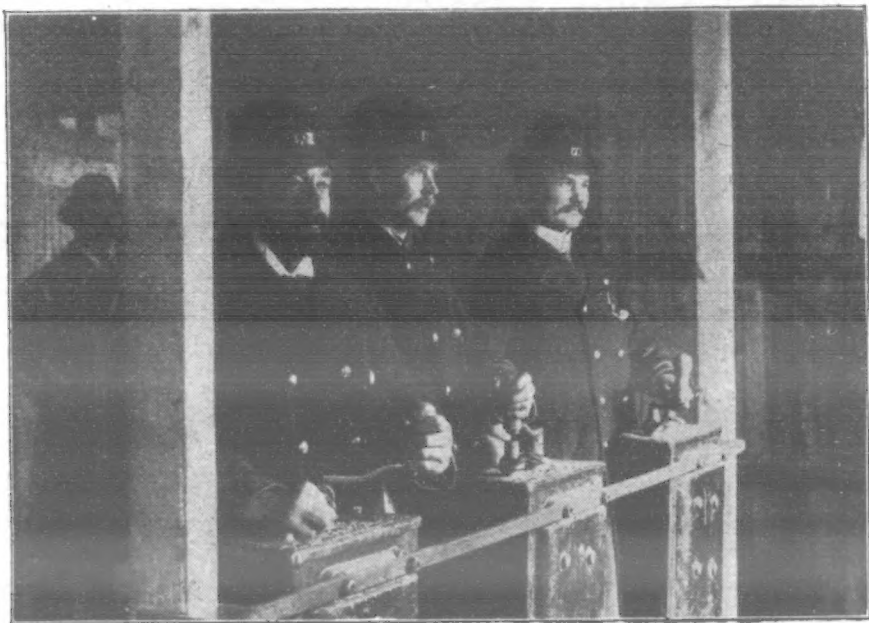
Irvine. The Victorian railways are owned by the State, and the Government is endeavouring to organise a force of drivers and firemen from pensioners and others, but so far with but little success. Meantime traffic in the southern colony is at a standstill, and communication with Adelaide and Sydney is for the most part being conducted by sea. Melbourne suburbanites are obliged to travel by tram or cab, thousands of people being compelled to walk long distances to get to their places of business. Democratic Australia is sub-

July 1 regimental institutes are to be managed on the regimental system as against the tenant-system now in vogue. The rule will not apply to camps and schools of instruction or to Militia, Imperial Yeomanry and Volunteer regiments when out for training. In very special cases of small isolated detachments of Regular forces, General officers commanding Army Corps at home, and districts abroad may use their discretion as to the particular system to be adopted. District contracts for the supply of beer, groceries, etc., will be discontinued, and in no case will the

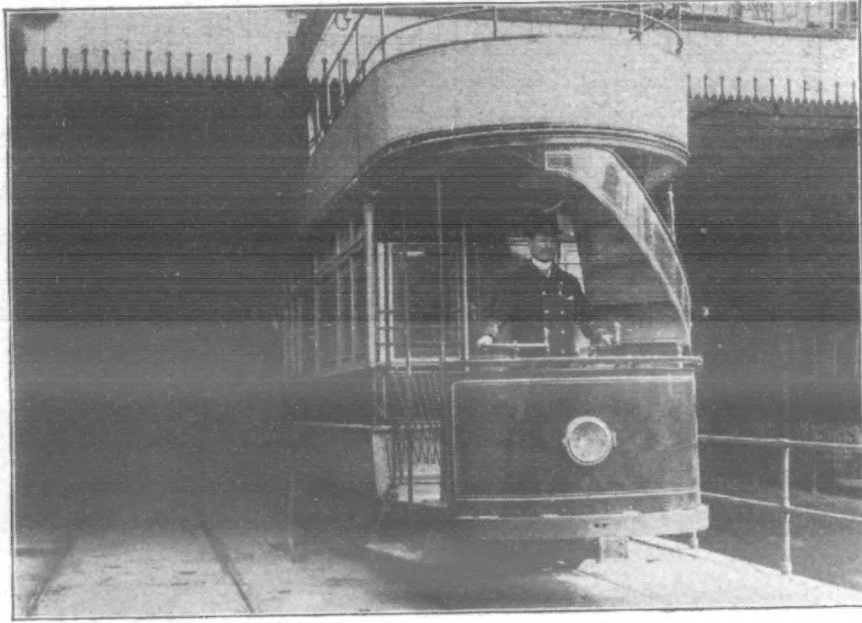
improvements of modern science. A remarkably realistic example of life-saving is given in the Theatre twice daily, a huge block of buildings bursting suddenly into flame, while engines puff and snort, and intrepid firemen dash up and down fire-escapes in the work of rescuing women and children before the edifice totters and falls with a crash. Among the many side-shows one is calculated to cause great amusement. It is a room with a specially constructed floor, which, when the unwitting visitor stands upon it, suddenly imparts a mild electric shock which usually occasions gyrations highly diverting to the lookers-on who have already paid for their amusement by a personal experience. The Exhibition remains open throughout the summer months.

Another Domestic Tragedy.—What is likely to prove another of those domestic tragedies which have of late been all too frequent has this week come to light at Thames Ditton. Soon after midnight on Wednesday, the police forced their way into a house in Alexandra Road, in that riverside suburb, and there, in an upper room, the door of which was locked, discovered the body of a young woman known as Mrs. Kate Tiffin. The body, which was much decomposed, lay on its back in a pool of blood, beside it being a rusty and bloodstained axe. Later, Detective-Inspector Fox arrested at Norbiton Station William Joseph Tiffin, twenty-four, a labourer, and a young woman who at first gave the name of Mary Tiffin, his wife, but whose solicitor, at the Police Court proceedings, admitted her real name was Mary Stone. Both were remanded for a week pending the intervention of the Treasury on the capital charge. Inquiries have elicited the fact that Tiffin and the deceased woman had lived for some three or four months in Alexandra Road. They had but few visitors, and, although not considered snobbish or "stand-offish," were little known to their neighbours. Recently sounds of quarrelling had been heard at night, culminating on April 23, when a young and well-dressed woman was seen to enter the house. When charged with the crime both prisoners denied all knowledge of the affair, the female remarking to the police-officer: "I will swear all my life that man 'Tiffin'—'knows nothing about it.' The murder—if such it prove—was discovered owing to inquiries made by the dead woman's brother, who, it is said, was informed that she was dead and buried, and, failing to find the place of interment indicated, communicated with the police.

Moat Farm Murder.—The inquest on the remains of the late Miss C. O. Holland, formerly of the Moat Farm, near Saffron Walden, in Essex, was resumed last week. Samuel Herbert Dougal, who is accused of Miss Holland's murder, was again in court in the custody of warders from Cambridge Gaol. Most of the evidence, and all that was material to the case, was a repetition of that given at the previous police-court proceedings, already reported in these columns, and the inquest was then formally adjourned for



SOUTH LONDON'S NEW ELECTRIC TRAMS: MEN TAKING A LESSON IN DRIVING.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S NEW ELECTRIC TRAMS IN SOUTH LONDON: INAUGURATED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON MAY 15.

grandchild of the late Queen Victoria, has been betrothed to Prince Andrew, fourth son of the King of Greece. Princess Alice, the eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, was born at Windsor on Feb. 26, 1885. She is a grandniece of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Transvaal Loan.—Some remarkable scenes were witnessed at the Bank of England and in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange when the prospectus for the loan of £30,000,000 to the Transvaal was issued. People waited in long lines five deep in order to put in their applications, accompanied by the 3 per cent. deposit on the amount applied for which the terms of the loan demanded. Many tons of letters were received by post from all parts of the country, and when the lists finally closed, it was estimated that nearly one thousand millions of money had been offered to the Government by the people of England. A more striking testimony to the financial stability of the country and a universal faith in the bright future of South Africa could scarcely be imagined.

The Trouble in the Balkans.—The unsettled state of affairs in the Balkans continues, and from latest advices it appears almost certain that serious trouble looms ahead. A telegram from Sofia states that a mosque at Kuprili, in which two hundred Moslems were assembled, was blown up by dynamite, the worshippers being buried in the ruins. The perpetrator of the outrage, a man named Topoff, immediately shot himself. A paper found on his body described him as "one of the Macedonian Knights of Death." In the recent affray at Monastir eleven Christians were killed and nineteen injured. Three Turkish soldiers were also killed in the same riot. An encounter took place at Zapari between the Ottoman troops and the Bulgarians, in which the insurgents lost eleven killed and two wounded, while seventy-four of their number were taken prisoners. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is at present in France, presumably upon a diplomatic mission; but meantime many insurgent pamphlets and lampoons have been scattered broadcast in his dominions. One of these, published at Varna, accuses the Prince of betraying his country's ideals, and contains threats of personal violence upon his return.

New Naval Commands.—The Admiralty this week announces the following important naval appointments. Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C., K.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet to-day, May 21. Vice-Admiral Ernest Rice to be Admiral Commanding Coast-guard and Reserve from May 21; Rear Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, C.V.O., C.B., to succeed Rear Admiral the Hon. Asheton Gore Curzon-Howe, C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., as second in command of the Channel Fleet from June 5th. Rear Admiral E. S. Poe hoisted his flag at Devonport last week as second in command of the Home Squadron in succession to Rear Admiral G. L. Atkinson-Willes, the customary salutes being exchanged.

Great Strike in Australia.—There is serious trouble in the colony of Victoria, owing to the refusal of the railway-men's union to sever their connection with the Melbourne Trades Hall, a political organisation whose policy is hostile to the present Government of Mr.

scribing freely towards the support of the strikers, whose own funds amount to over £72,000. It is estimated that the New South Wales unions will contribute £3000 weekly, in which case the struggle will be unusually protracted. One of the chief organisers of the Labour forces in Victoria is Mr. Tom Mann, who has been particularly prominent in the present campaign.

Management of Regimental Canteens.—Earl Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, has directed that from

employment of serving soldiers in a regimental institute be permitted.

Fighting the Flames.—One of the most interesting entertainments ever produced at Earl's Court was submitted for public approval last Wednesday, when H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge opened the International Fire Exhibition. Every conceivable appliance for fighting the flames is there to be seen, from the old rope and bucket apparatus of the Middle Ages to the latest

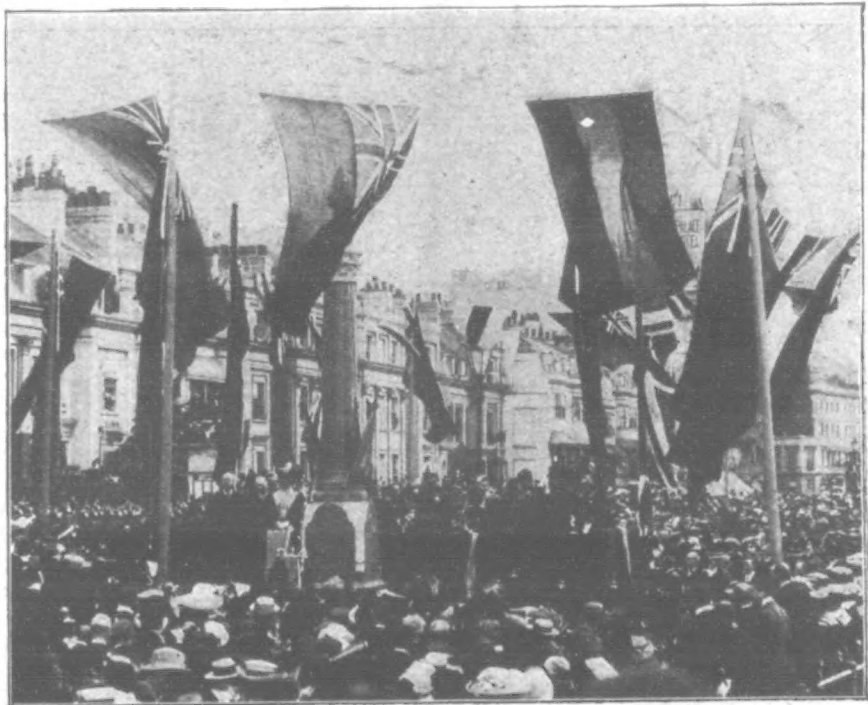
a week. In the Chancery Court later in the week, Justice Byrne, on the application of the late Miss Holland's solicitor and executors, appointed a receiver to manage the farm lands and stock at the Moat House. It was agreed that moneys found upon Dougal at the time of his arrest should be devoted to his defence. Probate of Miss Holland's will has been granted to her executors, the amount of the estate being sworn at £7232 10s. 10d.

Funeral of Miss Holland.—With every demonstration of sympathetic respect from a large crowd of spectators the remains of Miss Camille C. Holland, the late ill-fated tenant of Moat Farm, were laid to rest in Saffron Walden Cemetery on Tuesday morning. The principal mourners were Mr. Ernest le Grand Holland and Mr. Edmund G. Holland, nephews of Miss Holland; Mr. Helmsley, one of the executors; and Mr. Ackland, solicitor. The Rev. J. T. Steele conducted the funeral service, which was strikingly impressive. Many beautiful wreaths surrounded the handsome oak coffin in which the remains had been placed, among the floral tributes being mementoes from Captain Showers, Chief Constable of Essex; Mrs. Whiskin, the dead lady's former landlady; the Misses Holland, Mrs. Collins, and Miss Wilson. One of the most noticeable wreaths was a pretty ring of cowslips and bluebells, bearing the simple inscription, "Gathered on Moat Farm." The spot where the unhappy lady now lies is pleasantly situated, and affords a strong contrast to the grim and lonely ditch which for four years concealed the mystery of her fate.

Dynamitards at Work.—Shortly before the departure of the Cunard R.M.S. *Umbria* from New York for Liverpool last Saturday the New York police—acting on information received—removed from among the passengers' luggage on the pier a case containing 100 lb. of dynamite and some clockwork machinery calculated to explode the contents within thirty-six hours. It has transpired that a letter was received intimating that some Italians had formed a plot for the destruction of the liner, which, however, proceeded on her voyage before the excitement which the discovery occasioned among the passengers had cooled down.

Execution of a Soldier.—At Strangeways Jail, Manchester, on Tuesday morning, Gunner William George Hudson, of the Seventh Depot Royal Field Artillery, was executed for the murder of Bombardier Harry Shortt, of the same corps, at Fulwood Barracks, Preston, on the night of Feb. 16 last. It will be remembered that Hudson, who seemed to have entertained a grudge against Shortt, was heard to threaten to shoot him, and, returning to barracks the worse for drink one night, carried out his purpose. Since his conviction Hudson bore himself with great fortitude, and his conduct was most exemplary.

The Merry Month of May.—Winter has been unusually tardy in taking its departure this year, and the week-end just passed afforded another reminder that the merry month of May is not always what spring poets would have us believe. A severe thunderstorm, accompanied by very heavy rain, broke over London and district last Saturday, and many parts of the City were flooded.



GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE AT HASTINGS: UNVEILING MEMORIAL TO HASTINGS TOWNSMEN WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OPENING OF EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

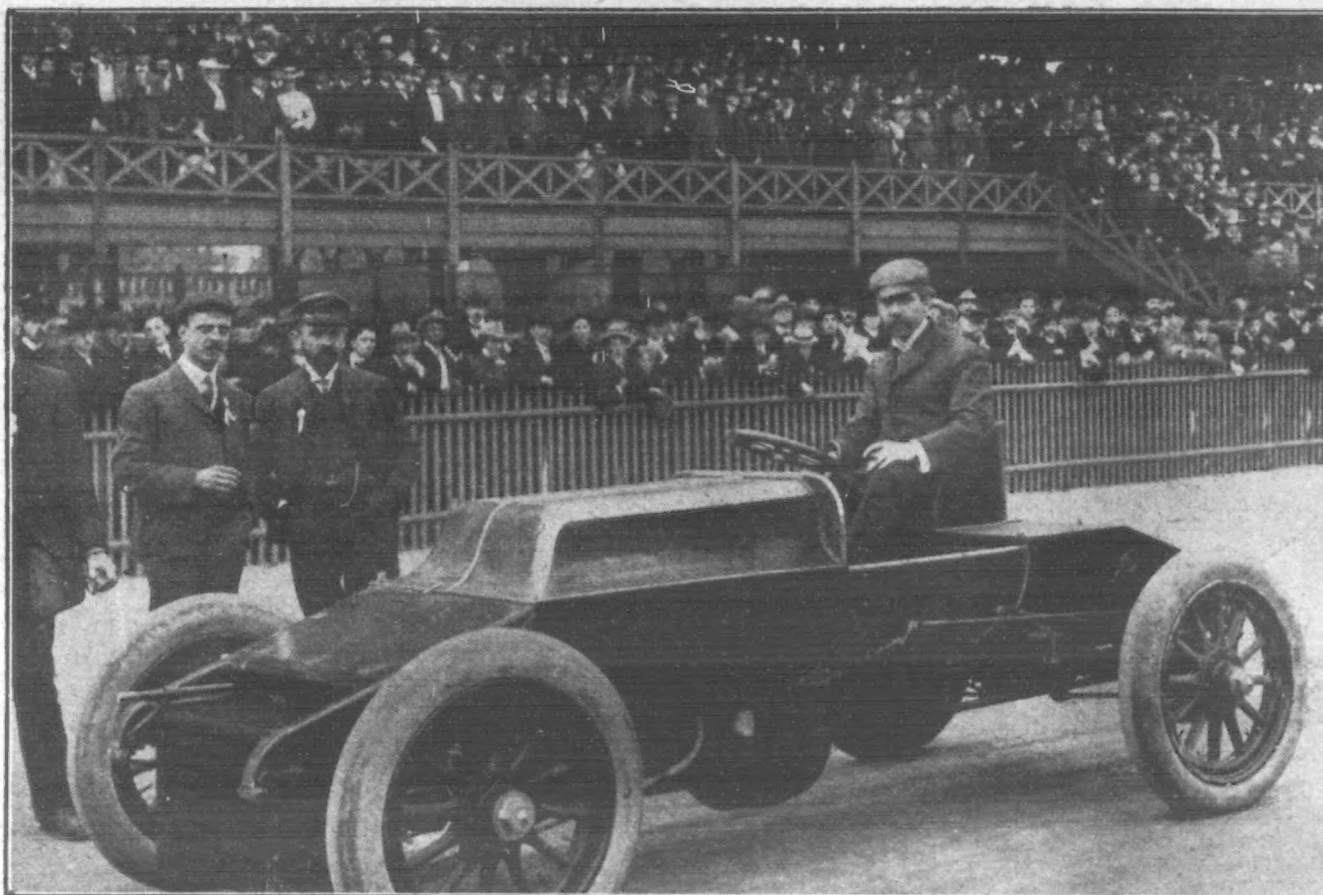
"THE SCHOOL GIRL," at the Prince of Wales's, is quite up to the standard of Mr. George Edwards's productions. He is joined in this instance by Mr. Charles Frohman. The piece opens at a girls' school in France, which is exquisite in colour and arrangement. The grouping is a masterpiece of stage-management, and a delightful surprise awaits the audience in the reappearance of Miss Violet Cameron as the Mother Superior of the convent. She has lost none of her attractive gifts during her absence from the stage, and sings "When I was a Girl like You" with infinite charm. The change from the convent garden to a foreign Stock Exchange is extremely well done, and the bustle and excitement of the scene is remarkably pleasing, while Miss Edna May's song, "Call Round Again," is one of the best of the musical items, and is admirably sung. The composer, Mr. Leslie Stuart, has unquestionably written some of his best music, and frequently rises almost to the level of grand opera. The company is good all round. Miss Marie Studholme is seen at her best, and Miss Burke and Miss Vidal are charming young ladies and excellent vocalists. Playgoers will also be pleased to welcome Mr. Blakeley, a son of the comedian who used to be so popular at the Criterion, and who inherits much of his father's genial humour. Mr. Huntley is another clever performer. "The School Girl" proved one of the greatest successes I can remember, and everybody, including the composer, authors, and manager, was called for at the fall of the curtain.

Mr. Charles Warner has appeared at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, during the week, playing as powerfully as ever.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has turned his attention to comedy after his triumphs in dramatic work, has produced a comedy, at present called "Sock and Buskin." It will be played in the provinces during next month. The veteran actor-manager, Mr. J. A. Cave, is acting in Mr. Barrett's company.

I cannot say that I have much faith in the future of Mr. Martin Harvey's new venture, called "The Exile," at the Royalty. Napoleon at St. Helena cuts a sorry figure as a stage hero even with the aid of Mr. Martin Harvey's histrionic ability. But the fault is entirely on the part of the authors, who, instead of historical facts, treat us to the most trivial incidents—for example, an infantile review and a batch of damsels decorating a room in honour of the great man's birthday. The only semblance of a dramatic scene in the first act is worked out with less than a dozen words of dialogue. The same poverty of invention runs throughout, and imagination is equally at fault; nevertheless, Mr. Harvey made a speech at the close, but not without opposition.

It was with genuine regret that I learned of the death of Mr. F. H. Macklin, one of the



THE NEW MILE MOTOR RECORD: MR. ALEXANDER WINTON (WHO WILL BE ONE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE) ON HIS CAR.

MR. WINTON LAST WEEK BEAT PREVIOUS RECORDS BY ACCOMPLISHING A MILE IN 1 MIN. 2 SEC.

most genial, kindly, and talented representatives of the modern stage. Beginning as an amateur, Mr. Macklin made his first appearance on the professional stage at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in "King John," under Miss Litton's management. He adopted in his earlier career the stage name of "F. Manton." His first original character was Harry Valentine, in a melodrama, by Paul Merritt, called "Rough and Ready." Afterwards he won considerable distinction in Shakespearian parts, and in an engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, he played Prince John, in a revival of "Henry IV." As Young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," Captain Hawksley in "Still Waters Run Deep," Charles Courtley in "Loydon Assurance," and other popular characters he was decidedly successful, and in 1878 he was engaged at the Olympic, and played Chevalier de Vaudray in "The Two Orphans." For some years he had suffered from an affection of the heart, which ultimately proved fatal. As an actor and a gentleman, he was highly esteemed by Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Tree, Mary Anderson,

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and, indeed, by all the principal members of the profession.

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has announced that the debt on the Restoration Fund, amounting to £290, has been paid off by Miss Marie Corelli.

"The Marriage of Kitty" will be played for the last time at the Criterion on Friday the 22nd inst. On the following Saturday, "Caste" will be revived, with Miss Marie Tempest as Polly Eccles, Mr. Gilbert Hare as Sam Gerridge, and Mr. Dagnall as Eccles. "Caste" cannot be played for many days, as on the 30th inst. Miss Marie Tempest makes her last appearance in London, as she is about to undertake an American tour which will occupy her for a year. Happy Americans!

"The Worst Woman in London," which ends at the Adelphi this week, will be replaced by the strange sensational drama, "Her Second Time on Earth." The novel and exciting scenes

of this extraordinary play proved most effective at the Standard, and will probably achieve similar success at the Adelphi.

I heartily sympathise with Mr. William Greet, who has been compelled to announce the closing of the Savoy on Saturday next owing to the confusion caused by the building operations close by. Fortunately he has arranged to continue the run of "A Princess of Kensington" at the Crown Theatre, Peckham. Then he goes to Kennington, and afterwards on a short tour in the provinces. Still, it must be annoying just when the opera has reached its hundredth performance, and its sprightly incidents and pretty music were constantly increasing in popularity.

Mr. Tree finds himself compelled to postpone the matinee in aid of Guy's Hospital to June 8. Great promises of support are expected; already Lady Warwick has sent £100 for a box, and a gentleman has forwarded £500 for six stalls.

The new play, "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace," at Wyndham's Theatre, is by an author—Mr. H. H. Davies—hitherto unknown to the public, although he has had a comedy accepted at the Haymarket, but it has not yet reached the stage. The cast of "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace" is attractive. The play is laid in a garrison town, and the chief incidents all take place within twenty hours. The following performers take part in the piece—

Captain Mowbray (retired)	Charles Wyndham.
Colonel Jardine (retired)	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
Lieutenant David Cairn	Mr. Leslie Faber.
Jernigan (a detective)	Mr. Eille Norwood.
Charles (a footman)	Mr. Reginald Walter.
Mrs. Jardine	Miss Marie Illington.
Isabel Kirke (her daughter by her first marriage)	Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis.
Vicky Jardine (her daughter by her second marriage)	Miss Lettice Fairfax.
Miss Potts	Miss Ethel Maryat.
Mrs. Gorrings	Miss Mary Moore.

I have already stated that Mr. Pinero's drama, "Iris," is to be played by Madame Sarah Bernhardt during her visit to London, and I have now to remark that Mr. Dion Boucicault crossed the Channel to superintend the rehearsals, and would accept no remuneration for his services. His courteous treatment of the great French actress has been acknowledged by her in most gracious terms in the *Figaro*. Mr. Boucicault will play his original part in the French version.

Mrs. Langtry has, it is said, leased the Imperial Theatre to Mr. Lewis Waller for seven years. Playgoers will be glad to see so good an actor on such an attractive stage, but Mr. Waller states that negotiations are not quite concluded.

Miss Marie Dagmar, having purchased a motor of 11-horse power for 700 guineas, travelled upon it to Birkenhead (195 miles) to open at the Theatre Royal.

Miss Sydney Cowell, after a career of about forty years, has retired to the Actors' Home on Staten Island. She went to America in 1871, and played with Sir Charles Wyndham in Robertson's dramas, being afterwards engaged by the late Augustin Daly. Miss Cowell was born in London fifty-seven years ago. **THE PROMPTER.**



NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA: THE DEATH OF CARMEN.

MISS EDNA MAY AS "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

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FWS

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WE have had a dreary experience on cricket grounds so far; in fact, I can't recall a drearier, and unless a change for the better comes very quickly, we shall have a wail from county treasurers, to say nothing of disappointed players. To have three first-class games abandoned without a ball being bowled is indeed a sorry episode; and all that the general body of cricketers had to discuss last week-end was the throwing out of the suggestion to widen the wickets.

That this would come about was the fond hope of nearly every man I spoke to on the subject. "It will do more harm than good," was the popular chorus, and I am firmly convinced that not only would the two-thirds majority have not been reached, but that the figures would have shown a numerical majority in favour of the opponents of the suggestion if the weight of the committee's opinions had not been put into the scale. Mr. A. G. Steel we all remember as one of the best all-round cricketers that ever stepped on a field; we respect him now that he is a legislator and a wise lawyer; but how came he to advocate a nine-inch wicket instead of an eight inch? He said that he wanted to help the bowler against the batsmen, and Lord Harris backed him up. But, luckily, the argument failed to move the M.C.C. meeting in the direction the committee desired, and the proposal was lost.

Read what another great player, and a fellow-countryman of Mr. Steel's, has to say. "Archie" MacLaren winds up an excellent screed on the wider wicket by saying, "Let us beware lest by altering the game we shall play a game which shall in future be known by some other name than 'cricket.'" The point is that we shall now get a strict eight-inch wicket, which has not always been the case. Many ground-men will tell you that often the wickets have reached eight and a half inches owing to the length of the balls, which the umpires have not taken the trouble to gauge. Now we are likely to be hampered by over-zealous officials. I wonder whether they will take due care to weigh the ball?

In an article which appeared last Monday K. S. Ranjitsinhji expressed the opinion that Yorkshire would again win the championship. One would hardly pick any other side for honours unless he be either a crank or a rabid partisan, which is much about the same thing. Yorkshire have a couple of recruits in Wilkinson, of Sheffield, and Ward, of Heckmondwike, who will do them credit. Talking of new stars, I am told that Blomely, the latest of the many wicket-keepers of Lancashire, is a very capable performer; that Gill's bowling will make all the difference to Leicestershire (though he is not a "new" star); that Vivian Woodward will make a name in Essex cricket; and that Jackson is not likely to drop out of the Surrey team just yet, in spite of criticism in a certain high quarter.

Nothing of great value could be got out of the Freshmen's matches at the Varsity, and with the pitches still bad on Monday there was little play anywhere. They managed to make a start at Brighton and Oxford, the feature in the University trial match between the first twelve and the next sixteen being the excellent bowling of Sandeman, who may yet get into the first team. In the Sussex v. Worcestershire game C. B. Fry commenced with "one of those nasty little round things," sadly known as "a duck's egg"; and only Wheldon, who made 53, batted with any degree of success; for though Vine made 43 for Sussex, he was lucky.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Athletes generally had a depressing time of it last Saturday afternoon, and it says much for their dogged determination to "go through with it" that fields of anything like decent dimensions should have turned out at the various meetings. At Edmonton, for instance, the conditions were so bad after the storm that raged that the mud-splashed cyclists actually raised the clinging earth from their legs by means of pools of water which had settled in all parts of the ground. Moreover, an improvised structure, after the style of a bridge, had to be utilised by the officials in order to get through their duties. It was a trying time, but still all the interest was not washed out of the meeting.

The final of the sprint produced a grand tussle, and all seven of the men who took part in it finished in a bunch, so admirably had Mr. Handicapper Rothery allotted the starts. The judges had some little difficulty in placing the first three, but eventually G. H. Kingett, Tee-To-Tum, was adjudged to be first, H. Churchill getting second award, and H. Norrey third. The time was 10.2.5 sec., which was capital on such a day. R. E. Wright, late hon. sec. of the South London Harriers, had 23 yards start in the 300 yards handicap, which he readily won from H. Watson, also of the S.L.H.; S. A. Morris being next. W. A. Lines found his 68 yards start sufficient to enable him easily to carry off the open half-mile; but there was a closer race in the open mile. F. S. Cleveley, who had 115 yards start, being hunted home by W. J. Collier and G. Pearce. R. Brooks won the open half-mile cycle handicap, and P. Miley the

mile event, but the cycling races were poorly patronised owing to the weather.

At the Finchley Harriers' summer (save the mark!) meeting at the Crystal Palace riders were more venturesome than at Edmonton, for there were sixty-two starters for the half-mile open cycle handicap, and fifty for the one-mile race. The former event fell to G. H. Bailey, of the Polytechnic, and the longer-distance contest was won by that excellent rider, F. G. Hamlin, of Reigate. In the flat races A. Newton, of the Beigate Harriers, was a dual winner, for he carried off the open sprint, from the 10½ yards mark, in 10 sec., and also won the 300 yards open handicap, with 28 yards start in 32.2.5 sec. P. A. Casserley, South London Harriers, was successful in the open half-mile, in which E. Newton, of Herne Hill, was second, and A. Davies third, the winner's time being 1 min. 59.2.5 sec.

There were many big names in the entry for the two miles walk, for which forty-five went to their respective marks. W. J. Sturgess, who was at scratch, did not compete. J. Butler (50 yards start) occupying the virtual scratch mark. H. Curtis, the ex-champion, also went to the post, but the heavy going soon told its tale on the veteran, and he only went a lap. The winner turned up in B. S. Bailey, who had the very useful start of 420 yards, and whose time was 13 min. 59 sec. W. J. Palmer, Northampton Institute, finished second, and W. Carnie, Borough Polytechnic, third. The meeting was long-drawn-out, owing to delay caused by the deluge of rain that fell.

There are no end of "walks" just now. The Essex Cycling Club held one at Wansstead last Saturday, the course being four times round the Flats—about 11½ miles. T. S. Nash, of the Surrey Walkers' Club, took first prize; but he was closely pressed by E. H. Neville, who was only eight yards in the rear. The Cavendish House Club had a race from Cricklewood to Harrow, D. E. Turner taking first honours. An excellently attended meeting was held last week-end to organise a Press walk, but inasmuch as only about half-a-dozen journalists were in the room the word "Press," as applied to the race, certainly seems a



Photo. Dixon.

WOOLWICH V. SANDHURST SPORTS LAST SATURDAY: G. E. B. DOBBS (WOOLWICH) WINS "PUTTING THE SHOT."

misnomer. If advertisers' agents are so very keen, why did they not arrange a race among themselves?

GOLF.

Rarely has better form been shown by James Braid than that which he gave at Chingford last Saturday, when he easily won the first prize at the West Essex Club's competition. The course was heavy through the drenching rains; but although a firm foothold was almost an impossibility, and the adherence of mud to the ball was a further handicap, the Romford professional surmounted all difficulties, and went round the course in 71 strokes—four strokes better than his own previous record for the green.

Harry Vardon, who was Braid's partner, was also in admirable form, though he could scarcely compare with Braid. However, he went round in 78 strokes, whereas the opposition, composed of J. H. Taylor and the local professional, R. Wakerley, could do no better than 79 and 84 respectively. The quartette played a foursome in the afternoon, when Vardon and Taylor beat Braid and Wakerley by two holes up and one to play.

Alex. Herd and Jack White played a 36 holes match at the opening celebration of the new club-house on the Baberton course near Edinburgh, last Saturday. Both players went strong in the morning, but the champion was 3 holes up when the adjournment was made. In the afternoon, however, White proved to be the better player, and eventually won the match by one hole after a very exciting contest.

Though the famous Hezlet family played exceedingly well in the ladies' golf championship, the title passed from Miss May of that ilk and went to Miss Rhona Adair, who performed with consistent brilliancy, and thoroughly deserved her second success in this important event. The championship was this year decided at Portrush, a fact which accounts for the large majority of Irishwomen over the English and Scottish. The latter are to be favoured next year, when the competition will be decided in Scotland.

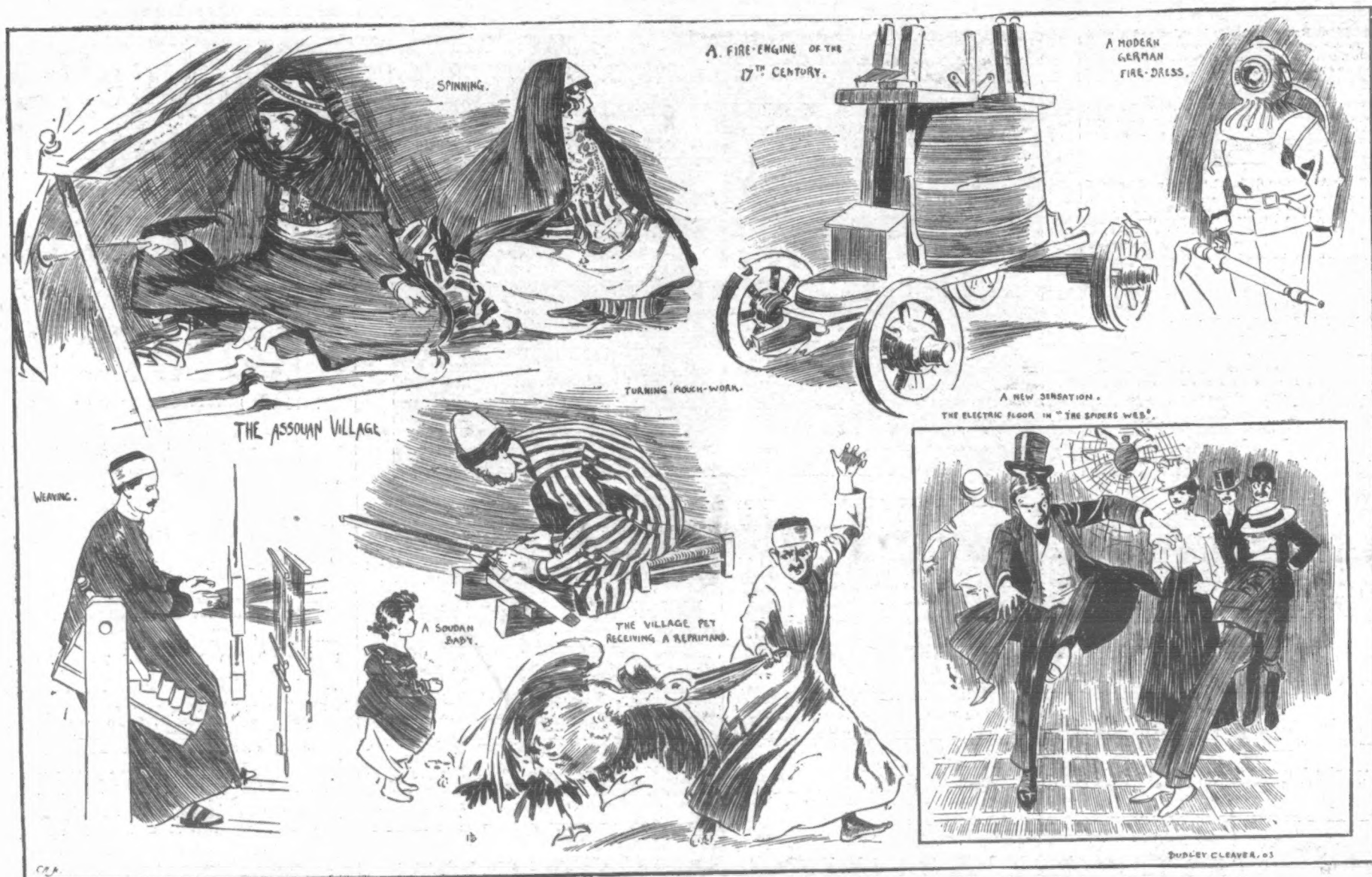
BANSHEE.



THE FINCHLEY HARRIERS' SUMMER ATHLETIC MEETING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY.

MAGNIFICENT SUPPLEMENT: SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. XLII.; LESLIE STUART.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



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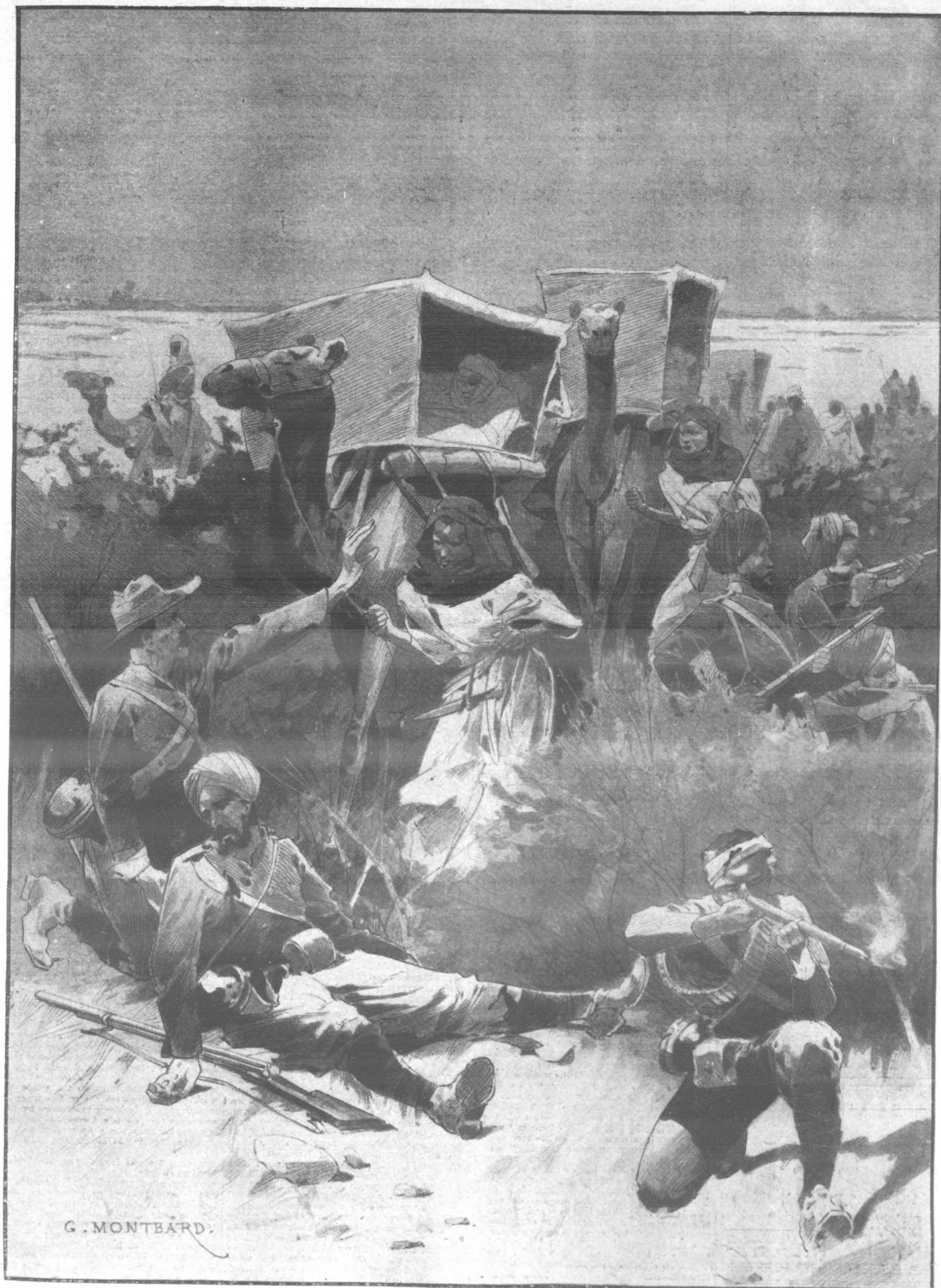
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MISS LILY BIRCHAM,
WHO PLAYS IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.



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"The Delhi Durbar" will be the great spectacle at the Military Tournament this year. For the eighth year in succession, Mr. Clarkson is supplying all the uniforms, costumes, wigs, properties, etc., to be used in the pageant.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I WENT recently to have a good look round at Harrod's fine establishment in the Brompton Road, and I have no hesitation in saying, for the beauty, elegance, and good taste of the goods which I saw therein, it has no superior in London. I have not seen this or any other season such charming dresses, materials for dresses, trimmings, flowers, ribbons, and all the charming nicknacks which well-dressed women require in order to be fashionable and up-to-date. Then, again, there is so much space in the various departments that the buyers have room to look about and see for themselves the goods which they wish to select from; and, though last not least, the prices are under those of the establishments further west. There is also a spacious luncheon and tea room, comfortably fitted up, where excellent tea is served, and a small string-band plays from four to six. If any of my country readers are coming to town for shopping I recommend them strongly to pay a visit to Harrod's. As a mere

Exhibition of Pretty Things

it is well worth seeing.

I quite agree with a correspondent that the "craze for dress is assuming alarming proportions," but I can assure her that I personally can do nothing to stop it. How could I? Would more than one woman in twenty attend to me? I am sure she would not. For close upon twenty years in this column of the P.I.P. I have advocated reasonable economy in dress; but how many of my readers have taken my advice? To reach the rich, fashionable women for whom the great shops in London cater is, of course, impossible for me. Extravagance in dress has been preached about from pulpits in churches and chapels for years, and with what result? During the past few years the money spent on dress has increased enormously, and the prices of all articles of dress have increased also. For a little coffee-coat, made of black spotted net and French lace, I was asked recently five and a half guineas, and the profit upon the article must have been about half that sum. Dresses, ready made, which a few years ago would have cost from three to four guineas now cost seven or eight; and so on, through the whole contents of a wardrobe. As regards

The Full Skirts,

we do not see them except in thin soft materials. Serges and tweeds and rich silks are still fitted tightly to the figure, and nowhere do we see a short skirt save in thick material, and in the afternoon no fashionable smart woman appears in a short skirt; but the long skirts are not made with long trains except for weddings and very grand receptions. In the country short skirts may be worn. The short full coat is having its day at present, and, made in handsome material and worn by a stylish woman, it looks quite nice; but if it is very plain or not well trimmed it is downright ugly, and most unbecoming to stout, short women. Yes, delaine will be very much worn, and the delaines of this season are really charming. Such pretty designs! I can say the same of the Vivella flannels. There is nothing prettier for summer wear than

A Pretty Flower Toque;

but it must be made with the greatest taste or it will look vulgar. Some of the prettiest I have seen this year were at Harrod's. They were most elegant-looking and simple. I do not know the prices, but I am sure they were not cheap.

A reader from the country asks me to tell her what "champagne colour, which she reads about in the papers, is like?" It is really a peculiar soft and pinky fawn, not at all unlike the colour of champagne; that is, as like as a soft, silky material can look beside the sharp hue of wine. In chiffon, champagne colour is beautiful. It requires to be with fur or feathers; pale blue looks well with it, or very deep, dark red. I have not seen many of the old-fashioned bonnets—a few upon ladies in carriages, that is all. They have not as yet "caught on" with the multitude, and they will never, I fancy, be chosen by Mary Anne or Sarah Jane when she walks out with her young man.

I hear from some of my regular readers that "a few more

Recipes for Sunday Supper Dishes"

would be welcome. Here is one to be made with gooseberries, which will soon be with us if the frosts have not nipped off the young buds. Make some gooseberry fool with a quart of green gooseberries topped, tailed, and wiped; take half a tumblerful of water and three quarters of a pound of sugar; stew the berries in the water and sugar until soft; then soak a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in half a tumblerful of water, and when it is quite dissolved add it to the gooseberries. Pass all through a sieve and, when strained, mix in half a pint of cream or good milk. Set it in a mould which has been soaked well in cold water. "Queen Pudding" is very easily made. Heat a half-pint of milk—do not make it too hot; dissolve one ounce of gelatine in a wineglass of water (about a quarter of a pint), and when it is quite dissolved strain it into the milk. Add a very few drops of essence of vanilla and the yolks of four eggs and two ounces of castor sugar. Stir this mixture over the fire in order to cook the eggs, but on no account let it boil. When it is cool add a tablespoonful of curaçoa and half a pint of whipped cream. Whisk all together well, and, when cold, pour it into a mould.

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"WITH THIS RING—"

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOUND GUILTY," "BIRDS OF PREY," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The previous chapters of this splendid story, which began in No. 2155, show how two brothers, the Earl of Sheen and the Hon. James Fairfax, met their death in a railway accident. Also, how young Lord Laleham (heir to the Sheen estates) sets out with his cousin Dermot Fairfax and other friends to witness a boxing contest in the East End of London. The fight proving something of a fiasco, they afterwards turn into a dancing-saloon in Hoxton. There Lord Laleham meets with Jey Melrose, a pretty and good Hoxton shop-girl. He falls in love with her and she with him. Dermot Fairfax, at the same place, meets Lizzie Twynner, with whom he philanders, to the discomfiture of her sweetheart, Joe Margles. Later on Laleham and Fairfax quarrel at their club.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"GENTLEMEN! gentlemen!" the attendants gasped as they flew into the supper-room, deserted at that late hour except by the two kinsmen combatants, and each of these, suddenly called to a consciousness of the absurdity of the situation, stepped back. Dermot, still trembling and white with wrath, said, between heavy gasps, with a forced smile—
"Oh, it's all right; we were merely playing the fool! Isn't that so, Lord Laleham?"
"Yes," said the other; "only we played it too near the life, Mr. Fairfax. You fellows can clear out; it's all right, you can take my word!"
Thus assured, they left the supper-room, after clearing the debris of the overturned table.

he was cordially greeted by his hostess, a lady of abundant proportions, as also by her aide-de-camp, a Dowager Countess, who supplemented an income shockingly attenuated owing to her late husband's extravagance by pioneering nouveaux riches through the troubled waters of society, arranging their dinner-parties, inviting their guests, and presenting their daughters—all in the intervals of communicating Society news to Radical papers.

He passed through suites of rooms crowded with well-known, in some cases too well-known, people, bowing to right and left in recognition of women with eyes flashing bright as their jewels, the men resplendent with the ribands and orders gained by their own—and other people's—merits. Presently, at the sound of his name in a familiar voice, he turned. There was Lady Meg, the centre of a group of dames of high degree and exquisite toilettes, attended by a bevy of men—a General distinguished by the insignificance of his blunders that had come to light; a Judge of the High Court whose decisions were quite frequently confirmed by the higher courts; a Society woman who had never written a book; and others with claims to distinction.

"I want to speak to you, Dermot," Lady Meg exclaimed. "Have you seen anything of Laleham this evening?"

"A good deal of him," he laughed, calling to mind the rough-and-tumble scuffle in the East-End slum, the dancing-room episode, finally—



No. 9.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 311.)

The two men faced each other alone.

"Wild wind-up to a wild evening!" said Dermot.

"A wind-up to other things," said the other; "among them our acquaintance."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"If you mean what you say!" he said.

"I mean it," said Lord Laleham, "as implicitly as you meant what you said just now. You understand?"

"Yes," said the other.

"So do I," said Lord Laleham; "and there's nothing like an understanding in peace—or war. Good-night; good-bye, Mr. Dermot Fairfax." Lighting a cigarette, he sauntered from the room, the other following him with his eyes.

"How kind of him!" he said; "what condescension to accord me their name! Laleham, I'll be quits with you some day! Well, it's just as well; it was a bit tiring day by day gripping a chnp's hand, drinking his health, calling him old fellow and dear old chap, and all the time hating him like the very devil. . . . War, open war; at all events, no more playing at friendship. So be it, my Lord." And a few moments later he left the club, hailing a hansom.

"By Jove!" he muttered, rattling Park Lanewards; "this has been an eventful night, and a revelation as to Lord Laleham. Yes, Roddie's bloomed right out; I don't think he ever could have liked me any more than I liked him or else his eyes would never have blazed like that. Perhaps his head was turned by that girl; he certainly was gone on her. What would the many mothers for whose many daughters he's had never a glance have said, seeing the part of the season making much of a young person probably depraved enough to work for her own living? Pretty girl, though; so was the other—which reminds me, while I think of it," and he jotted a note in a pocket-book just as his cab pulled up at Margrave House, which an ex-bucket-shop keeper had recently acquired from the son of a belted Earl who had made the fatal discovery of a system to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

At the summit of the wide marble staircase

and the smile left his face—their quarrel and outburst in the club supper-room.

"Why didn't he come on here with you?" she asked; and he inquired in answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"You are Laleham's senior," she replied, somewhat sharply, "and you are expected to keep him out of mischief."

"Of course; the easiest thing in the world," he laughed, shrugging his shoulders. "When the object of solicitude is a Viscount by courtesy, heir to a peerage, three-and-twenty, and a Fairfax, and the mentor a poor devil of a dependent."

"Hush, hush!" she replied sharply; "of course it isn't your fault; but I shall scold Roddie severely for not being here to-night; he knew I was bringing Geraldine."

"To fling her at his empty head," it was in his heart to say, but he repressed the retort. Laleham had ousted him out of enough; surely it would be flinging the handle after the axe to give him a walk-over for Lady Meg's fortune! Dermot meant in due time to take the whole of that pool. Still, he scarcely saw the necessity of encouraging Lady Meg's proclivities for matchmaking in this instance, Geraldine, the motherless girl his aunt was chaperoning, was, never could be, anything to his cousin; while to himself—

"What are you frowning at, Sir!" his aunt inquired sharply.

"I was simply wondering," he said, "why you interest yourself so actively in throwing Laleham and Geraldine in each other's way."

"For their mutual benefit," she replied. "I consider they are made for each other. In a way I am her maternal guardian; her father is far from rich, but he is a tower of strength in the party, a pillar of the Cabinet. Roderick in due time will have to take his place in politics, and the alliance will be most advantageous to him. Besides, your uncle ought to have the next Riband of the Garter, and with her father's influence he would obtain it."

"Charming game, political chess," said Dermot; "the little pieces are moved to and fro,



Jim Dumps at work so fiercely jawed
That e'en the office boy was awed.
The force, at loss to see the boss
So out of sorts, was also cross.
Now sunshine fills the force with vim,
For "Force" has rallied
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advanced, or flung aside so that the other side may be held in cheek."

"Don't be huffy, Dermot," said her Ladyship, tapping him with her fan; "remember, if I had been born a man I should have been the head of the family; as it is, it is my province to constitute its brains and look after its interests. Don't frown, Sir; it is an old woman's privilege to lecture."

"Then why does Lady Meg usurp it?" he answered gallantly, though through his clenched

"Well, then, for the son of a belted Earl Roddie is most plebeian in the healthiness of his mode of life. He has an agricultural labourer's appetite and capacity for early rising. Keen as he is on hunting and racing, he scarcely ever backs a horse for more than a few ponies, and even I can't keep him to the card-table."

"You mustn't," he said with sudden gravity, "and you mustn't let others get him in their toils."

"I'm scarcely likely to," he said gravely; "indeed, for reasons I need not elaborate, Laleham's path and mine will lie asunder. But tell me why you are so solicitous for his security?"

"Because," she said, "I have promised to marry Viscount Laleham."

His self-possession was a byword among his intimates, but he started as though someone had struck him—stricken by a sudden, cruel blow.

"Laleham has asked you to marry him?" he cried fiercely. "No, no, it can't be true! You are jesting, trifling, dreaming."

"No," she said, turning her face from him and gazing across through the summer night at the Park. "Laleham has asked me to marry him, and I have promised."

"You have promised?" he cried, so fiercely that she cowered and whispered—

"You mustn't be angry, you mustn't be cruel."

"But he doesn't care for you. And you—not only do you not care for him, but your heart is mine—mine—mine! You love me—you have owned it. Clapsed close to my heart, between the kisses my lips have rained on yours, you have told me that you loved me—me alone in the world!"

"And I do. It is the truth, Dermot—I shall never love another as I love you. But then, you know, a girl in my rank can't obey her heart. Marriage with people of our class is not an affair of the emotions: there are innumerable matters to be considered. I like Lord Laleham; in a way, he likes me, too, but I know he doesn't care for me as you do, and I—oh! I need say no more to you. You know

that we Lascelles, with all our pride, are poor; my father has lived all his life on the very brink of financial ruin, notwithstanding his status, his power in politics, and his place in the Ministry. It is to save him that I shall marry Laleham."

"But he?"

"He, for his part, is pliable as wax in the hands of his father, who is ruled by Lady Meg. Their one motive, one aim, one god in life is politics. Lord Sheen wants the next Blue Riband; you know what the Garter is—a bauble as tempting to the peer as a coronet is to a commoner. He knows my father's influence can procure it for him."

"A pretty bargain!" hissed Dermot savagely. "Your father's poverty, his father's pride, and your heart simply the token of barter banded to and fro. As for me—"

"But, Dermot, even if this had not happened, what would have been the good of our dreaming dreams? We can't help caring for each other, you and I, but what's the good of that in a world like ours? I, a dowdless girl—Why, my father, Cabinet Minister though he is, owes the tradespeople for the very frocks and jewels that I wear, the carriage that I drive in; and sometimes in Piccadilly and Bond Street I blush to feel myself a thief, a fraud. I tell you, it's that awful shame that is driving me to marry Laleham."

"A curse on my helplessness!" he said. "A curse on the fate that has made me all that is so helpless! Oh, shame, shame! Very well then, Geraldine, go your way. Your father gets his funds, Sheen gets his Garter, Laleham gets the girl I love—the girl he doesn't care a straw for. I—I get the luck the devil has always dealt me; what can I expect—I, the dependent, a charity bantling, with no right even to the name I bear?"

"Dermot," she almost wailed, "forgive me—you must, you shall! We mustn't quarrel; you can't be angry with me even now."

"I can forgive you; I do forgive you," he said, "because I understand you, and I love you best of all in all the world. You are the only being whom I love, but the others I will neither forgive, nor will I forget. When did this thing happen?"

"Three days ago he called at our house with his proposal."

"Three days ago! And since then he and I have met time after time—all last evening we were together, and not a word of this to me!" And then he paused awhile, remembering their last words; and, clenching hands and teeth, he cried, in a paroxysm of fury more intense and deep than loud, "I hate him most of all! Geraldine, listen! He may take you from me, but I swear he shall not keep you from me! I will win you back, whether by force or fraud I care not, but you shall be mine. Even though this sacrifice must be made, I will not rest until

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I hold you and own you. You will come to me, won't you, some day, whatever may betide?"

He seized her hands, her arms, her form, locked her in one strenuous embrace. "Promise! promise!" he vehemently exclaimed. And she, carried away by the torrent and whirlwind of his passion, whispered in a tremor of fear and love, "I promise!" And then silently, as by one common impulse, they folded each other heart to heart, and their lips sealed that promise in one long mute kiss.

CHAPTER IX.

A WEEK had passed since the eventful night of her meeting with the young fellow whose charming manner had taken her by storm, and Joy Melrose had resumed the tenor of her daily life—sleep and work, work and sleep, with just a little time for recreation—but the memory of that golden, transient hour, that waltz of waltzes, that delightful journey home, remained with her, dreams none the less golden because merely as dreams regarded, dreams that filled her deep grey eyes with a strange light and hushed her very voice.

"What's come to the child I can't imagine!" her Aunt Rebecca candidly confessed to Uncle Ben in the little parlour behind the flower-shop in Magnolia Street, over the knife-and-fork tea wherewith, after a day devoted mainly to sleep, he fortified himself for his nightly vigil; "at times the girl seems in a walking trance, neither seeing nor hearing what's round her. If there's a thing I do hate it's speaking twice, and when I do she starts and colours. I can't understand it."

"It's easy enough," replied Uncle Ben, breaking at last a prudent silence he had maintained during the dissection of his haddock; "I expect she's got a young man." Then, with memories of Aunt Rebecca in bygone days, "perhaps two or three."

But Mrs. Dewsnap shook her head. "Not her!" she said confidently; "not our Joy! Not but what it might be expected with her figure and her eyes and hair. She favours her poor mother, who was as like me, they used to say, as two peas in a pod."

"I shouldn't have mistook you," said Mr. Dewsnap; then, after a draught of tea, "Ah! her mother was a pretty girl!"

"There was folks as didn't consider me plain," replied Mrs. Dewsnap, vainly but tartly; "there was Jim Burridge—"

"Ah!" replied Mr. Dewsnap, relapsing into reminiscences, "him and me fell out about you—what fools young men is!" The conversation was interrupted by Joy. Bending over her uncle's chair, she kissed the spot on his rugged

me, child, was Mrs. Mirvens pleased with Matilda's bridal bouquet?"

"Yes, Auntie dear; and they say it was such a pretty wedding, and Matilda was so pleased with her bouquet that she cut me an extra large slice of wedding-cake."

"And if you puts a lump of it under your pillow," said Mr. Dewsnap sapiently, "you'll dream about your own bridegroom."

Joy, who of late had been dreaming night and day of someone, flushed like a poppy, and Aunt Becky exclaimed reprovingly, "Be quiet, Ben, putting such nonsense in the girl's head. And how did Mrs. Trimble like the wreath?"

"She said it was lovely, Auntie, and she hoped to recommend our wreaths for a lot of funerals among her friends," said Joy gravely; "though it didn't sound as good-natured as Mrs. Trimble meant it. And I met Mr. Margitts, of the King Edward's Head, and he asked if we'd do the decorations for his next Masonic banquet, they were so pleased with the last, and Mrs. Margitts wants a bouquet to take to the Britannia on Wednesday to a benefit. Dear! dear! what ups-and-downs in life our business brings us in touch with!"

"It does, my girl; but come, sit down to your tea; Uncle likes to see you in and at the table before he goes out."

"That's right," Mr. Dewsnap acquiesced; "when I'm sitting all night in my cabin afore my brazier I likes to remember you sittin' opposite me at my tea-dinner safe and sound. Sometimes hours and hours I looks into the red-hot coals, seein' you as you was when I left home."

"You think too much of me, Uncle dear," said Joy.

"I don't care if I do. I know that sometimes when you've gone to a theatre or a dance, and I've had to top it off to my pitch without seein' you back at home, I've been on the worry all the night; and many a time of a night when the rain's a-beatin' down on my watch-box, and the wind pretty well blowin' of it over, I've hugged myself comfortable with the thought that my missis and our little girl was safe and snug at home; and many a time when I've seen some poor, bedraggled creature slouching by through the rain and sleet in the middle of the night, I've said, 'Thank God that ain't our gal!'"

"And haven't you sometimes thought, Uncle," said Joy, "that the poor souls you've watched and pitied might have been as happy as I if they'd been cared for and loved as I've been?"

"P'raps so, p'raps so," said Mr. Dewsnap, lighting his black cutty-pipe and buttoning his coat-collar over his woollen comforter. "Dear



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teeth; others were moving within earshot. She shook her head.

"Keep your pretty speeches for the pretty girls, boy; don't waste them on a white-haired old woman."

The Judge approaching chuckled, "Tut, tut! Lady Meg, we young people with white hair are setting the fashion—silver heads are quite correct."

"Just so," replied her Ladyship; "nowadays gold is out of fashion, except in the pockets of the men and on the heads of the women of the lower classes. Dermot! Bother the boy!" for he had snarled away upon a quest, invoking anything but blessings on meddlesome old women, consoling himself, however, that, after all, Laleham was too blind a young bat to avail himself of the prize some of the meddlers would fain fling his away. For he had watched Lord Laleham, watched him narrowly, when Lady Geraldine Lascelles was near, at Sandown, Gatwick, Goodwood, in dance and drawing-rooms, at Hurlingham and elsewhere, and never had Rodrick's eyes, regarding Geraldine, lit up with one spark or shimmer of the light he had seen blazing in them resting on that girl—that girl he had raved about, the girl he had lighted upon in a dance-room on the fringe of the East End, on the border of slumdom. By Jove! what a fool he was to lecture him about it. If Lady Meg persisted in this folly, why, then the other folly might turn to his own fortune, and perhaps he might glean wisdom from the folly of another.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL of a sudden his eyes lit up; he had found just on the threshold of the ball-room her he sought.

"You here? Really?"

A looker-on might have deemed their recognition casual or formal, but it was their way to read volumes in each other's slightest glance.

"How late you are!" she said, "though you knew I should be here; or perhaps because—"

He answered with a look, then asked, "Given anybody the next waltz?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," she replied; "but I am blest with an excellently defective memory."

"Thanks," he said; "give me the dance, and come and sit it out. I want to talk to you."

"You are certainly," she said, "the coolest of suppliants," as they threaded their way through the throng of men and women of world-wide celebrity towards a marquee stretched along one of the balconies overlooking the Park.

"Have you seen Roddie lately?" she asked, as if casually; and Dermot replied, "Oh yes, I only left him half an hour ago at the club."

"Not with the cards, I hope?" she replied quickly; and he answered, "How solicitous you are!"

"But no," she smiled; "I understand you don't leave the youthful plunger to others as a rule."

"Laleham doesn't plunge, confound it!" he laughed. "Please don't talk of him."

"Why not? I want to."



No. 11.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 311.)

forehead where the iron-grey hair was thinning, then, on both cheeks, Aunt Rebecca, who in another moment was unfastening her hat-strings and jacket, the tender love for her sister's child etherealising her commonplace, workaday, though somewhat comely features.

"Tired, dearie? You've been at work a bit too hard to-day and on too many errands."

"Oh no, Auntie dear; you know I am so glad when we are so busy, then I can not only feel but be grateful to you for all you've done for me."

"Tut! tut! What a girl for fancies. Tell

heart alive! it's time I was on the way. Take care of each other, you two."

"Oh, but I'm coming a little way with you, Uncle!" cried Joy, resuming her hat and jacket. "I shan't be long, Auntie; I'm only going a little way," and despite Mrs. Dewsnap's look of surprise, the girl tucked her little hand within the arm of the old watchman, who,

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nothing loth for the journey to be thus brightened by her company, trotted off, chuckling, "Bless th' girl! I'll only let her come half-way, Becky; you'll have her company all the rest of the evening."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Dew-snap in mock indignation, adding, after a pause as the door closed behind them, "Well, go your way, bless both of your hearts; it's a happy woman I ought to be, for if she's a sister's child, she's as like a real daughter as makes no difference, and no woman never had a better husband and like a father to that girl—no! no! better than that—and her own father, nobody knows where, leavin' her an' her poor mother that's since dead to face the world as best they could."

Some minutes later, arrived at the canal bridge, Uncle Ben, halting, said to Joy, "Now, I ain't a-goin' to let you come any farther. Back you goes home, my girl, 'cause it's late and lonely; besides, your aunt's a-settin' by herself. Good-night, my duck."

She kissed the rugged, weather-beaten cheek,

"I want to buy this young lady a little keepsake," said Roddie. "Perhaps you'll show her one or two pretty little things."

"By all means. What shall we say, Sir, brooches, pendants"—then, with a significant smile—"rings?"

But Joy stammered confusedly, "Oh, no! no! Oh, Mr. Fairfax, it's very kind of you, but—"

"Tut! tut! tell me what you'd like for a birthday present."

"But it isn't my birthday."

"Never mind, it will be sooner or later. Now, a nice brooch."

"Oh, since you insist, perhaps," turning to the shopman, "you have some plain silver-wire bangles."

"There are very nice brooches," said the shopman to Laleham, guessing the more likely buyer, "now five-and-twenty shillings, fifteen carat, and very pretty; or this true-lovers' knot set with seed pearls, forty-five shillings."

"Oh, no; no!" said Joy hastily.

"Certainly not," said Roddie. "I don't



No. 12.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 311.)

turned away, and in a few seconds she was gone, and to the rough old man the night was seeming darker. She sped along till she reached the point midway. There she paused, whispering to herself, "Yes, auntie will be alone; and Uncle Ben too, he'll be thinking I've gone straight home. Oh! it seems a shame, and yet—where's the harm? I shall only just say good evening and good-bye; it won't make many minutes' difference. Besides, I promised, and it wouldn't be right to break a promise."

And thus reasoning and battling with her doubts, self-questioning, and self-reproach, she hurried along a street—a London street, an East-End street—lined with grey houses underlined with black railings, filled with a mist as drab as those uneven flagstones. Surely if ever street was dubbed prosaic, it was this street that deserved it! And yet that street was to Joy Melrose as idyllic as any Hawthorn-blossom, dog-rose, fragrant lane to any rustic Amaryllis: for at its further corner, where the ugly street-lamp flickered yellow and bleary above the squat, red pillar-box, her lover waited. And, after all, it is not the gold-spangled mead nor the bluebell grove that makes the idyll to Strephon or to Chloe, but to each the other. And as he took her hand, all her scruples, fears, and doubts had vanished. She had forgotten Aunt Becky, Uncle Ben, everybody, everything; was oblivious to all except the bliss of meeting him again, standing there, her hands held in his, his gaze meeting hers.

"Jolly little girl!" he said: "I knew you'd turn up." Analysed, his greeting was as prosy as the place of tryst. Perhaps it was his voice, the glad look in his eyes, but her heart beat faster to hear it than any rhodomontade in the manner of the lovers she had read of could have made it.

"Yes," she answered in a breathless whisper, "I came because—I had promised, but I must only stay ever such a little while."

"Oh, confound it!" he answered: "don't talk of our parting yet, when I have been looking forward all through the dreary weeks which have seemed so long, dreaming of this moment of meeting."

Pacing side by side, they turned the corner of one dingy street, then another. Here his hansom was waiting, and ere she could protest he had bundled her within.

"Drive somewhere—anywhere," he said, "and be back in twenty minutes." And before she could plead or explain they were whirling along through streets alternately light and dark until, holding up his stick, he stopped the cab opposite a jeweller's glittering window. "Come along!" he said cheerily; "jump out."

"Why?" she asked. "Oh, please, I shall be so late."

But he was insistent, and within a few minutes they were within the shop, and the polite salesman was asking what he could do for them.

think there's anything here in this lot; have you anything different?"

"Simpler and—er—less expensive?"

"Yes!" said Joy hastily.

"Be quiet," said Roddie, "you obstinate girl. No, I want something nicer."

"Better quality?" asked the shopman, raising his eyebrows.

"The best quality you have."

"Oh, well, if you want a really good article perhaps the lady would like this," and producing a morocco case, he displayed, set in its bed of claret velvet, a tiny heart-shaped locket, set with a diamond of perfect lustre attached to a delicate chain necklet of finished workmanship, a trifle so charming that Joy uttered two "Oh's!"—one of admiration, the other of protest.

"Ah! that's very pretty!" said Roddie: "I think that's just the thing. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, but it would be so dreadfully expensive."

"Be quiet, you little meddler," answers Roddie, and the shopman deprecatingly remarked, "Not at all, only ten pounds," and to Joy's bewilderment her cavalier, taking from a gold-mounted pocket-book a ten-pound note, completed the transaction; then smiling, asked, "Now, is there anything else you'd like? Have a look round."

But she answered, "No, no!" wondering how and when she might wear the newly acquired treasure, the most beautiful, sweetest, dearest of jewels in the world—anyway to her, for ever and ever.

Joy resented herself in the hansom, breathless and bewildered, the very hands that held the treasure trembling. Ten pounds! To her it seemed a little fortune, and her companion had treated it with perfect unconcern, absolutely devoid of the artificiality of Joe Margles' indifference when flinging half-a-crown upon the counter for a bow for Lizzie, and peremptorily commanding the salesman to take it out of that.

And all the while the cadence of his voice in her ears and in her heart, enthralled her, winning her to further faith and trust, and she was saying "Yes, yes, yes!" leaving till afterwards the realisation of what she was consenting to.

Yes, she liked him very, very much. Yes, she would like to meet him again and again, to keep on meeting him always. Next Sunday? Yes. All the day? Joy paused in the midst of her indiscriminate promising and hesitated. What would Uncle Ben and Aunt Becky have to say when asked for their permission? And all of a sudden she bethought herself. Next Sunday was the day fixed by Uncle Ben's employers for the annual outing to their workmen and their wives, so once again Joy answered "Yes." At the station? Yes, and she would go by train with him to the dear, quiet village, with its gardens all filled with roses and the sleepy river flowing lazily under the sleepy bridge and between the sleepy

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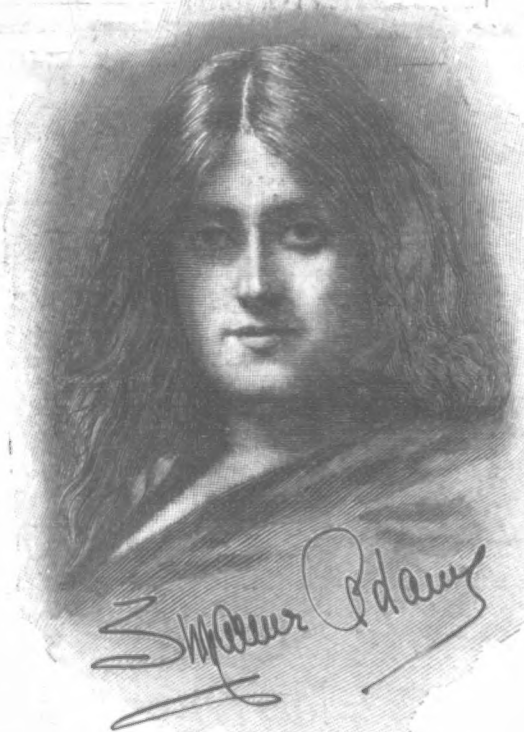
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